

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

In Memoriam.

SERVICES IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE

BVT. COL. TIMOTHY LUBEY,

(PAST DEPARTMENT COMMANDER,)

BY THE

DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC,

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

Held at the

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Monday Evening, January 28, 1878.

GIBSON BROTHERS. PRINTERS.

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Headquarters Department of the Potomac,

Grand Army of the Republic,

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 20, 1877.

GENERAL ORDER, }
No 10. }

It devolves upon the Commander the sad duty to announce to the Department the death, on the 12th inst., of Past Department Commander TIMOTHY LUBEY, who from the very inception of the Order in this Department was intimately and closely connected with every progress and success of the G. A. R.

By his death the organization mourns the loss of an ardent supporter, a sedulous worker, and a warm friend.

While with us the National Encampment entrusted to him three times the highest position in the Department, and also filled, with great credit to himself, various offices of importance on the National and Departmental staffs.

At a special meeting of the Department Encampment, consequent upon the death of our late Comrade, the subjoined Preamble and Resolutions, expressive of the sorrow of the Department, were adopted.

By order of A. H. G. RICHARDSON,

Commander.

C. W. TAYLOR,

Ass't Adj't-Gen.

Official:

S. G. MERRILL,

A. D. C.

Whereas death has overtaken our late Past Department Commander and Comrade, Colonel TIMOTHY LUBEY; and

Whereas it has been our privilege and pleasure as his associates in the Grand Army of the Republic to become familiar with his manly courage, exalted patriotism, and his constancy to that true *fraternity, charity, and loyalty* which binds us together as a brotherhood; and

Whereas it is meet that we should manifest our appreciation of his memory and services: Therefore,

Resolved, That we feel in his sudden and untimely death our organization has lost a true soldier, one of its most valued and influential members, and one who has labored long, earnestly, faithfully, and efficiently for its welfare from its very inception.

Resolved, That in this supreme hour of affliction we tender to his deeply bereaved widow our sense of the great and irreparable loss she has sustained, and the assurance of our most active and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the daily papers of this city; that a copy thereof be neatly engraved on parchment, and that the same be appropriately framed and presented to his afflicted widow.

C. C. ROYCE, }
B. F. HAWKES, } Committee.
G. J. P. WOOD, }

DECEMBER 13, 1877.

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Order of Exercises.

VOLUNTARY.

BY PROF. CARL RICHTER.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER. Adjutant-General, for what purpose is this Encampment called?

ADJUTANT-GENERAL. To pay our tribute of respect to the memory of our late comrade, TIMOTHY LUBBY.

DEPT. COM. Have you a record of his service in the cause of our country, and in the Grand Army of the Republic?

ADJT.-GEN. Commander, I have.

DEPT. COM. You will read it.

ADJT.-GEN. Comrade TIMOTHY LUBBY was born in 1835, in the county of Kilkenney, Ireland, and came to America (New York State) at an early age.

He entered the service as 2d Lieutenant of Company B, 15th N. Y. Eng. Vols. on the 15th day of May, 1861, and was promoted to 1st Lieutenant November 1, 1861; April 10, 1863, to Captain, and May 1, 1865, to Major, and mustered out in June, 1865, and January 11, 1868, brevetted Colonel by the Governor of New York.

He joined the Grand Army of the Republic October 19, 1866, at the time the organization sprung into life in this locality.

He was elected Senior Vice-Commander of Post No. 1, January 4, 1867, and assisted as charter member in organizing Post No. 3, and was elected its first Commander March 21, 1868, which office he held for four successive terms, and during the first term, in 1868, he was elected a member of the Department Council of Administration.

March 26, 1869, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department.

In 1870, '71, and '72 he was elected to and held the office of Department Commander, and at the same time, in 1870 and 1871, was Quartermaster-General on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief.

He attended every National Encampment of the G. A. R., except in 1877, either as a representative or as a member *ex officio*.

In 1873, when his Post (No. 3) surrendered its charter and disorganized, he joined Post No. 2, of which he was Commander for two terms.

He was an active and useful member of the G. A. R. until he died, December 12, 1877, embracing a period of over eleven years.

The drummer then beat three rolls upon a muffled drum.

DEPT. COM. The record is an honorable one, and, as the memory of all faithful soldiers of the Republic should be cherished and their record preserved, I direct that it be placed in the archives of the Department for future reference.

CHANT.

WASHINGTON OCTETTE CLUB.

Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences; and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears:

For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep; and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in thy displeasure; and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee; and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For when thou art angry, all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are three score years and ten: and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

CHAPLAIN. What man is that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave? If a man die, shall he live again?

COMRADES. Jesus Christ said: I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

CHAPLAIN. Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.

COMRADES. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

CHAPLAIN. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

COMRADES. Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

CHAPLAIN. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water.

COMRADES. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

CHAPLAIN. There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

COMRADES. For the former things have passed away.

HYMN,

For the occasion, by the Chaplain, Rev. Geo. Taylor.

Air—Hebron.

Halt, Comrades ! hear that solemn knell !
Death's *muffled drum*, we know it well.
No *arms* can put that foe to rout,—
A veteran is mustered out.

Once more our stalwart ranks give way,—
Another comrade is his prey ;
Once more the darkness of the tomb
Enshrouds our gallant camp in gloom.

Both men of peace and men of war,
All men this conqueror's captives are ;
And here, we, this great lesson learn,
Each mourner must be mourned in turn.

What man that lives shall not see death ?
How fleeting is our mortal breath ;
We all must own his conquer'ing reign,
But dying, shall man live again ?

Attention ! orders hear from heaven ;
A *rally call*, by Gabriel given,
Is promised in the Book divine,
We yet shall *mustered be in line.*

'Then joy we in our God for this,
Since Christ *our resurrection* is,
And all who on his death rely
Shall live again, *no more to die.*

O God ! our help in time of need,
Bind up these broken hearts that bleed,
And soothe *her* grief whose smitten heart
Most keenly feels the painful dart.

In Thee our trust shall ever be,
We leave our comrade's soul with Thee,
Still hoping through Thy grace to rise,
And muster with him in the skies.

The comrades then formed a square, inclosing the altar, the officers in front, the Chaplain at the altar.

PRAYER.

BY CHAPLAIN TAYLOR.

Chant.—Hear, Father.

WASHINGTON OCTOBER CLUB.

1. Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art pity when sorrow prevaileth,

Thou who art safety when mortal hope faileth, strength to the feeble, and hope to despair,

Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

2. Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Wandering unknown in the land of the stranger,

Be with all trav'lers in sickness or danger. Guard Thou their feet, guide their feet from the snare.

Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

3. Dry Thou the mourner's tear; Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection.

Grant to the widow and orphan protection, Be in their trouble a friend ever near.

Dry Thou the mourner's tear.

4. Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended.

Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended; When at Thy summons for death we prepare,

Hear, Father, hear our prayer! Amen.

The comrades returned to their places.

Reading from the Scriptures.

(15th Chapter *Corinthians*.)

BY THE DEPARTMENT CHAPLAIN.

Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand ;

By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless you have believed in vain.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures :

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures :

And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve :

After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once ; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

After that, he was seen of James ; then of all the apostles.

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.

For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God.

But by the grace of God I am what I am : and his grace which *was bestowed* upon me was not in vain ; but I laboured more abundantly than they all ; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

Therefore whether *it were* I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed.

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead ?

But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen ;

And if Christ be not risen, then *is* our preaching vain, and your faith *is* also vain.

Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God ; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.

For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised :

And if Christ be not raised, your faith *is* vain ; ye are yet in your sins.

Then they also which have fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, *and* become the firstfruits of them that slept.

For since by man *came* death, by man *came* also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

But every man in his own order ; Christ the firstfruits ; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

Then *cometh* the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father ; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power.

For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The last enemy *that* shall be destroyed *is* death.

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put under *him*, *it is* manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him.

And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?

And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?

I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily.

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak *this* to your shame.

But some *man* will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other *grain*:

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh *is* not the same flesh: but *there is one kind of* flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, *and* another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial *is* one, and the *glory* of the terrestrial *is* another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for *one* star differeth from *another* star in glory.

So also *is* the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam *was made* a quickening spirit.

Howbeit that *was* not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man *is* of the earth, earthy; the second man *is* the Lord from heaven.

As *is* the earthy, such *are* they also that are earthy; and as *is* the heavenly, such *are* they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I show you a mystery ; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting ? O grave, where *is* thy victory ?

The sting of death *is* sin : and the strength of sin *is* the law.

But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord.

BY AMBROSE DAVENPORT.

WASHINGTON OCTETTE CLUB.

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, Bow down Thine ear,
Hear us, for we are poor ; poor and helpless now ;
Lord, be Thou merciful ! merciful to us,
For upon Thee, O Lord, do we call ;
O, give ear unto our prayer ; Hear our prayer.
Teach us Thy way, O Lord, Teach us Thy way,
That we may walk therein, We may walk therein ;
Teach us Thy way, Thy way, O Lord.

Eulogy by Comrade C. C. Royce.

The humanizing influence of our modern civilization is marked by the increased interest taken by the living in the last resting place of the departed. The memory of the dead is a sacred treasure of humanity, and is the instinctive action of the soul. It is not merely an exercise of the intellect, but an irrepressible passion of the heart. Passionate memories of those whom we knew intimately and loved sincerely spring up in the soul as a plant leaps from the bosom of the earth : as leaves and flowers burst from encasing buds.

It is natural and reasonable that such recollections should enthrone themselves within us.

Irving has beautifully said : "The love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the human soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights, and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle fear of recollection, then the sudden, anguished, and convulsed agonies of the present are softened away into pensive meditation."

The duty which we are assembled to perform this evening is the result of the deep and sincere conviction that we, as the survivors of that late Grand Army of the Republic that marched to victory in the cause of free government, owe to our deceased comrades a solemn obligation to assemble, and by appropriate observances and ceremonies, to make such oblations to the dead as will preserve fresh and green the memory of their patriotic services, as well as to testify to the largeness of our indebtedness to them.

From the reverent and appreciative performance of this sacred duty we may derive renewed inspiration to our patriotism—the highest of the civic virtues.

As we love the memory of our deceased comrades, let us cultivate in ourselves and in our children an affectionate remembrance of the patriotic examples, and a pious veneration for the sepulchres of those who performed, endured, and suffered so much for us, and for those who shall ere long succeed us in the places which will soon know us no more forever.

Human life is not altogether measured by the number of years to which it may be prolonged, but that life is the most valuable and the longest which best suberves life's great ends, and when the passions of the times are stilled in the grave, and the men of this generation have passed away from the earth, the gathering plaudits of coming generations will greet the memory of those who, in a great crisis, saved the national life.

Less than twenty years ago, and a soldier's grave was something rare enough to go out of the way to see. In a beautiful enclosure on the Hudson, there is a tomb at which in the past many stopped. No costly monument arrested the eye. The slab was old and plain, but after recording name and age, it added this simple line, "A Soldier of the Revolution." Many summers the grass has waved over that unadorned mound, yet few passed it without lingering long enough to do homage to the hero who girded on his sword when the rod of oppression weighed heavily, to win deliverance for his native land. And when time shall make the wondrous scenes through which these latter days have led us seem more wonderful, reverence as profound shall be felt and shown for the names of those who gave up home and friends, and periled their lives to preserve what patriot fathers earned. But to-day the shadows of bereavement yet brood too heavily over many a heart and home to see the great good which their sore loss has gained.

Comrade TIMOTHY LUBBY, whose memory we seek on this occasion to commemorate, was one of the earliest to identify himself with, and one of the most active in his efforts to promote, the interests of our fraternal organization.

From the hour when he became affiliated with our Order to the moment when death lay upon him like an untimely frost, he never ceased to labor, with the full measure of his obligation and strength, in the cause of that

fraternity of feeling which binds us together as an organization ; that *charity* which suffereth long and is kind, and that *loyalty* which all good citizens recognize as due to the service of their country.

It was not my good fortune to know Comrade LUNNEY during the period of his military service, but I have the record of it before me, and it is a record of which any young soldier might well be proud.

He entered the army in May, 1861, soon after the first call for volunteers, as Second Lieutenant of Company B, 15th New York Engineers. The regiment, as infantry, formed the right of Franklin's Brigade, near Bailey's X roads, Va.

On promotion of General Franklin to the command of a division, General Newton assumed that of the brigade, and in October, 1861, Company "B," with the rest of the regiment, was sent to an engineer school in this city.

In November, 1861, Lunney was promoted to First Lieutenant, for the skill and zeal manifested by him in the erection of numerous fortifications in northern Virginia.

Subsequently, the Engineer Brigade went to the Peninsula with the Army of the Potomac, and throughout the ceaseless labors of that command in front of Yorktown; the advance up the Peninsula; the action at West Point, May 7, 1862; the arduous and dangerous duties among the malarial swamps of the Chickahominy; the cutting of avenues for the movement to the James, as well as the destruction of all bridges in the rear of the army in that movement; in all these perilous enterprises, Lieutenant LUNNEY gave evidence of indefatigable energy and skill. From Harrison's Landing he was sent on recruiting service to New York, returning to his regiment, then (December, 1862) in front of Fredericksburg, in time to participate in the operations for the passage of the Rappahannock and the bloody defeat that followed. The services rendered by him on this occasion procured his promotion, in April, 1863, to Captain of Company F, of his regiment. Soon after, followed the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, during which, onerous and important duties were assigned to Captain LUNNEY, which were performed to the satisfaction of the General commanding, as expressed in Special Orders, No. 14, of May 13, 1863.

When Lee began his movement into Maryland and Pennsylvania, in June, 1863, a lodgment was made below Fredericksburg, at Franklin's Crossing, June 6; in the action here, Captain LUNNEY displayed great gallantry; the position won at heavy loss to the engineer troops and supports, was abandoned, and being cut off from the army by a column of the enemy, a portion of the engineers were forced to cross the Potomac near Aquia, and march through Maryland to Washington.

Again assigned to duty on recruiting service in New York, he rejoined his command in the field on the second day of the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, accompanying the army in command of the Third Engineer Train of his regiment; throughout the series of actions, commencing with the grand advance on the Rapidan, May 4, and embracing such memorable engagements as Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. For a period of over forty days his duties were

constant, day and night, under circumstances the most trying and hazardous. The result of his marked efficiency and zeal was expressed by the commanding General when, in June, 1864, Captain LUNEV was assigned to the command of the Detachment of Engineers at Jones' Neck, and the important duty entrusted to him of preserving constant and reliable communication between the troops holding the lines at Petersburg and Bermuda Hundred and those on the north bank of the James. This duty he continued to discharge until the final advance by Five Forks, which turned the position at Petersburg, and the immediately succeeding operations up the valley of the Appomattox, which ended in Lee's surrender. In recognition of these services, he was promoted to major in May, 1865, and just before the muster out of his regiment was presented by his brother officers with a beautiful dress-sword as an expression of their esteem.

Subsequently, on the 11th of January, 1868, he was brevetted Colonel of New York Volunteers for gallant and meritorious conduct and services throughout the war.

With his personal history and the various phases of his character from the close of the war to the date of his death it has been my privilege and pleasure to have an intimate familiarity.

As a Union soldier, his heart and his pocket were ever open to the necessities of a distressed fellow-comrade. His influence was constantly active in securing remunerative labor for the unemployed, and promotion for the deserving veteran. An armless sleeve was a perfect key to his innermost sympathies, and a disloyal utterance would instantly excite the full measure of his resentment and indignation.

As a public officer he was prompt in his attendance upon his duties; possessed of rare, good judgment, and an energy and executive ability that never failed to provoke the encomiums of his superiors.

Although in his later years much overwhelmed by the multiplicity of his public duties and the importunities of petty politicians, his time was never so preoccupied but that the tale of a comrade's misfortune or distress commanded his full and immediate sympathy and attention.

"The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's greatest bribe," and the mind of Comrade LUNEV was constantly bribed by a heart inclined to every voice of grief, and a hand that opened spontaneously to every wail of distress.

He was active, energetic, and ambitious. A man of quick, strong, and not easily changed impressions. Withal, he was a man prompt to acknowledge and regret a wrong when convinced of his error. Always ready to hear and to heed the advice of others when persuaded of its soundness, he yet did not hesitate to boldly avow and vigorously maintain his own theories in the face of the most earnest and partisan opposition.

Comrade LUNEV, lying dead in yonder cemetery, lies dead also in every ex-soldier's house, and finds a separate burial in each Comrade's heart throughout the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic.

It is to him as an integer in this fraternal organization, as a representative patriot in the late great struggle, that we are moved specially to the offering of this testimonial of respect.

We are thoroughly awake to his conscientiousness as a citizen, his integrity and efficiency as a public officer, his sincerity as a friend, and his devotion as a husband, but it is in his capacity as a defender of the old flag, as the supporter of his country's honor in the hour of peril, as a typical soldier of the Republic, that we claim for him a position upon the ramparts of public recollection.

Many a comrade has gone before him; thousands amidst the carnage of the battle, the malaria of the swamps, or the privations of the prison-pen—the incense from the altar of whose sacrifice will go up to God while free institutions endure. Thousands still living are broken, maimed, and shattered in body and limb, and even the strong and robust survivors must, in the wisdom of the divine economy, pass ere long from among us. As we grow fewer in numbers we should increase the strength and fidelity of our fraternity of feeling. The sentiments and feelings inspired by this evening's services are not all of unmixed sorrow, nor yet of unmingled satisfaction. While there is much in the history of our dead comrade and the great events in which he bore such distinguished service to give an inevitable sadness to these ceremonies, yet true manhood teaches us that the results of his (with others) sufferings and sacrifices should bring a hallowed joy to our hearts to-nights. It is sad to witness the dissevered households, around whose hearthstones the light was quenched forever, when their brightest and best bowed before the baptism of fire and blood. It is sad to remember how the light of battle faded from the flashing eye of a comrade as he sank down upon the field of his glory, and with a murmured prayer his spirit went up to God. It is sad to remember the agony to soul and body of him who, in hospital or prison, wrestled with death without one little message from those who were nearer and dearer to him than life itself. It is sad to see the maimed and infirm veteran confronting the cold charities of the world in proud silence, and struggling with impaired strength to retain for his children their wonted comforts of life. It is sad to witness the widowed mother striving to fulfil, alone and in poverty, the double duties imposed upon her by her fearful sacrifices for the country. It is sad—oh, how sad God only can know!—to remember the little ones dependent upon our public charities, the fountains of whose blood were poured out like water at Manassas, at Chancellorsville, at Shiloh, or at Gettysburg. It is sad to see brave men incapacitated for ordinary manual labor by wounds and disabilities incurred in battles and sieges, seeking in vain for employment in the civil service of the Republic, which their strong right arms have preserved from destruction, while hundreds, whose only testimonial is that that they so hated and despised free institutions as to seek their overthrow at the risk of life, now derive their sustenance from the public coffers.

But in the face of all these sad recollections, here in the midst of God's sanctuary, remembering the sacrifices of these dead; remembering the struggles of the living; remembering the tears and sufferings and heart-breakings of the widows and orphans; contemplating our obligations to the past and our responsibility to the future, let us sacredly promise that through no act of ours shall it ever be said that all this suffering and death have

been in vain, and gazing upon the old flag as it waves over our arsenals and forts to-day, in the sincerity of our hearts we ask, that in proportion as we love and maintain its honor unsullied, so may we receive the fulness of our reward.

Peace to the Memory.

BY WALLACE.

WASHINGTON OCTETTE CLUB.

Peace to the mem'ry of the dead, Tranquil may their slumbers be ;
Sweet the repose within the grave, Peace! peace to thee.
Peace to the memory of the dead, of the dead,
Peace to the memory of the dead, of the dead.

Eulogy by Comrade H. J. Gifford.

COMRADES : We are assembled for the purpose of paying, by appropriate rites and ceremonies, a tribute of respect to the memory of a fallen comrade.

In the performance of this sacred duty, as we seek to commemorate those virtues which adorned his character, let us remember that we shall the better honor his memory if we are led to emulate his example.

In our intercourse with our fellow-men, we are too apt to be governed by selfish motives ; in pursuit of the objects of our ambition, we are prone to forget that the relations we sustain to those around us carry with them corresponding duties—duties which, if we would be true to ourselves, we should recognize and faithfully perform.

As members of the Grand Army of the Republic, we recognize the performance of certain of these duties, as being of paramount importance ; and we estimate a man's social and moral worth by his faithfulness or unfaithfulness in the discharge of them.

These duties are *Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty*. Upon these, as upon a broad foundation, the superstructure of our organization has been reared.

In forming our estimate of the character of Comrade LEBREY, if we apply the standard we have adopted, we shall find much to challenge our admiration, much that can be commended as worthy of imitation.

He was proverbially charitable. To him the appeal of the needy was never made in vain ; his ear was never closed against the cry of distress, nor was his hand ever held back from the deed of charity. With him, ability to assist those in want kept not pace with desire. His bounty was not given discriminatingly ; all classes, all sects were its recipients. Nor were

his charitable acts done "to be seen of men;" he did not ostentatiously make a parade of his gifts; he observed the command "let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth;" and how many prayers of poor widows and helpless orphans, whose distress and sufferings he has contributed to alleviate, have gone up to heaven in his behalf we may never know.

Truly, "the poor have lost a friend."

When the Grand Army of the Republic was instituted, believing that it was an organization which had for its object the bringing together into one social brotherhood the men who had periled their lives in the service of their country, Comrade LUBEY became a member, and devoted his energies to the successful establishment of the Order in this District.

He was first enrolled October 19, 1866, the date at which the Order was first instituted in this city. He became a "charter member" of Post No. 1 upon its organization; was elected Senior Vice-Commander January 4, 1867, and was appointed A. A. General of the Provisional Department February 25, 1867, assisting in organizing Post No. 3, being transferred to it as one of its "charter members" March 21, 1868.

He was elected Commander of Post No. 3 for four successive terms, beginning with the organization of the Post. In 1868 he was also elected a member of the Department Council of Administration, and on March 26, 1869, he was appointed A. A. General of the "Department of the Potomac." In 1870 he was elected "Department Commander," and held the office for that and the two next ensuing years. During the years of 1870 and 1871 he also held the position of Q. M. General, on the staff of the "Commander-in-Chief." In December, 1873, Post No. 3 having surrendered its charter, he became a member of Post No. 2; was twice elected its Commander, and was a member of that Post at the time of his death.

He attended, either as a Representative Delegate, or as Delegate *ex officio*, every National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held since its organization, except that of 1877.

He at all times took a lively interest in whatever contributed to the welfare of the organization, and was ever assiduous in his labors for its success.

In the performance of the duties of whatever position within the Order he was called upon to fill, he was faithful to the trust imposed on him.

It was mainly by his earnest efforts and untiring zeal when he became Department Commander that the number of Posts was increased from ten to fourteen; and this fact alone shows the interest he took in behalf of the organization.

Nor were his efforts in this direction prompted by motives of self-aggrandizement; he labored not for himself, but for the good of the Order, believing that it was founded upon just principles, and that within its sheltering fold every honorably discharged Union soldier and sailor would find protection.

It was in the Grand Army of the Republic that many of his closest, warmest friendships were formed.

Exemplifying in his conduct that true fraternity which is the bond of our union, he endeared himself to each comrade. He was a friend, a coun-

seller, and a guide ; and hereafter, as we gather around our "camp fire," we shall realize more keenly the void created in our ranks, and feel more deeply the loss we have sustained by his death.

The record of Comrade LUBEY's services as a soldier assures us that *loyalty* was with him something more than a name—that it was a living, active principle, in obedience to which he eagerly responded to his country's call in that dark hour when the hand of treason was raised against the life of the nation.

Fully imbued with a love for his country—believing in the righteousness of "the cause"—brave of heart, and true of purpose—his was no half-hearted allegiance. He shrank from no danger, and was ever ready when duty called. By the faithful discharge of his duties, he abundantly merited the honors he received ; and upon none were such honors more worthily bestowed.

The public services of our comrade since the war are familiar to every one present.

Called to fill important public positions, he manifested in each the same untiring energy and zeal in the prosecution of his labors that had before won for him such distinction.

His duties were arduous and difficult, and he was brought in contact with all classes of our citizens, but his urbanity of manner, frankness of disposition, and strict adherence to truth and right, made for him many friends.

Conscious of his own rectitude, he scorned any imputation upon his motives, and strove to live a blameless life. He was faithful as a friend, and if an enemy, generous and forgiving. To sum up all, he was one of "nature's noblemen."

Such, briefly given, is the record of Comrade TIMOTHY LUBEY. Leaving as a legacy the recollection of good deeds nobly done, with no duty unperformed nor kind act omitted, no friendly word unspoken, his gallant spirit passed to its rest. And while in honor of him no "sculptured marble" or "monumental bronze" may rise, yet will his memory be enshrined in our hearts, and his name be inscribed upon the roll of our honored dead.

DOXOLOGY.

Closing the Encampment.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER. Senior Vice Department Commander, how should all men live?

SENIOR VICE DEPARTMENT COMMANDER. With trust in God and love for one another.

DEPT. COM. Junior Vice Department Commander, how should comrades of the Grand Army live?

JUNIOR VICE DEPT. COM. Having on the whole armor of God, that they may be able to withstand in the evil day.

DEPT. COM. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

COMRADES. We thank God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

DEPT. COM. May the Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, keep us by His gracious presence amid the conflicts of our mortal life, and at last receive us into Everlasting Peace.

COMRADES. Amen.

DEPT. COM. I now declare this Encampment closed.



Funeral March, arranged for the occasion by Prof. Richter.

Prof. CARL RICHTER, *Organist.*

Octette Club.

I. L. PARKHURST,

First Tenor.

FRED S. NEWMAN,

DR. FRANK T. HUME,

Second Tenor.

W. E. MORGAN,

E. J. WHIPPLE,

THOS. H. JANVIER,

First Bass.

L. P. SEIBOLD, W. B. ORME,

Second Bass.

Committee of Arrangements.

A. H. G. RICHARDSON,

GEO. E. CORSON,

C. C. ADAMS,

B. F. HAWKES,

H. DINGMAN,

C. C. ROYCE.

Department Officers.

A. H. G. RICHARDSON, *Commander.*

GEO. E. CORSON, *S. V. Commander.*

H. DINGMAN, *J. V. Commander.*

C. W. TAYLOR, *Ass't Adj't-General.*

A. J. GUNNING, *Q. M. General.*

L. A. F. HAVARD, *Judge-Advocate.*

W. T. VANDOREN, *Medical Director.*

REV. GEO. TAYLOR, *Chaplain.*

G. J. P. WOOD, *Inspector.*

C. C. ADAMS, *Chief Mustering Officer.*

S. G. MERRILL, *Aide-de-Camp.*

